Secretary's Report
Class of 1866
Harvard College
1930

Harvard Square in 1862

THE TWENTY-NINTH

SECRETARY'S REPORT

OF

THE CLASS OF 1866

OF

HARVARD COLLEGE

JUNE, 1930

BOSTON

Printed for the use of the Class

1930

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THOMAS TODD CO., PRINTERS, BOSTON

50 State Street,
Boston, 14 June, 1930.

CLASSMATES:

The 64th Anniversary of our graduation is at hand and here is our annual booklet. I hope you will not find it over-illustrated. Let me thank you all for your letters; their kind compliments to your Secretary my inborn modesty forced me to omit.

We have lost this year our dearly beloved Moorfield Storey and Edward Emerson. *Requiescant in pace.* I am sorry that my memorial notices of them are not more worthy of them. I trust you have all read John T. Morse, Jr.'s, obituary of Storey in the March number of the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine.* I shall be pleased to send a copy of the memorial to any of you who would like me to do so.

That the coming year may bring you all health and happiness is the fervent wish of

Yours affectionately,

CHARLES E. STRATTON,
Class Secretary.

Since the above went to press our dear Classmate Williams has died, June 14th. *Requiescat in pace.*

ADDRESSES OF THE CLASS

Samuel A. B. Abbott, Villa Lontana, via Cassia, Rome, Italy, or Wellesley Hills, Mass.
Alexander D. Dunbar, 205 Nelson Avenue, Peekskill, N. Y.
Edward N. Fenno, 87 Milk Street, Boston.
Dr. Thomas P. Shaw, 110 18th Street, Lowell, Mass.
Swithin C. Shortlidge, The Storm King School, Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y.
Charles E. Stratton, 50 State Street, Boston.
Thomas W. Ward, 231A Perkins Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.
Dr. Leonard Wheeler, 12 Chestnut Street, Worcester, Mass.

John V. Apthorp, 53 State Street, Boston.
J. Murray Forbes, 107 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, or Milton, Mass.
Charles Ouellet, Hebertville, Lake St. John, Quebec.
Colonel Joseph H. Willard, U.S.A., 41 Catherine Street, Newport, R. I.

RECORD OF THE CLASS

SAMUEL APPLETON BROWNE ABBOTT. Born March 6, 1846.

He writes: "I fancy you think I have been very lazy in not having answered your letter in regard to the Class Book. I have not been quite so lazy as you probably think. I have tried a dozen times to write something worthy to be published under your editorship, and I have spoiled a lot of good paper, but without success. The fact is that my 'Rollo' days are past, and I have not much to tell my friends here of my adventures. The past year, as far as anything that would interest my classmates is concerned, has been rather barren. I have lived most of the time as usual in Rome under the beneficent rule of Signor Mussolini. I suppose I have become a good member of the Fascisti family. However, that is a subject not to dilate upon. I have had thoughts of the class constantly in mind, especially of Storey and Emerson, for both of whom I have never ceased to have great respect and fondness since my Harvard days. As I have been living in a country where I could drink what I pleased without offending the law, I have often wished that some of my classmates might turn up and help me to dispose of some Class of 1866 whiskey which I have saved for many years in hopes that it would go down the proper throats, but it is not too late for that yet. However, I expect to be with you on Commencement Day, where I hope I shall meet as many of the members of the Class as have survived Time's ruthless scythe. Then I can tell all these things much better than I can write them. Meanwhile, I send them all my love and best wishes, with the hope that we may all meet in undiminished numbers in 1931."

ALEXANDER DONLEY DUNBAR. Born March 21, 1846.

He writes: "Was glad to receive notice of Commencement and Reunion.

"Few words are needed to tell of my life, activities, and well-being. Time has moved gently and, on the whole, pleasantly. Health has been generally good and the year has been passed in

quiet and comfort. Younger friends, gained through many years, have taken, but not quite filled, the vacant places. Daily handclasps and greetings make me glad that I have lived.

"I hope to be with the boys of '66 on the 19th of June."

*EDWARD WALDO EMERSON.

Just before graduation he wrote for the Class Book the following: "Concord, Massachusetts, where I was born July 10, 1844, lies on the Musketaquid, now called the Concord River, one of the tributaries of the Merrimac. Peter Bulkeley, its founder and first minister, came over from England in 1634 with his flock and the following year settled with them at Musketaquid, naming the town Concord on account of the peaceable way in which it was obtained from the Indians. Elizabeth, granddaughter of Peter Bulkeley, in 1665 married the Reverend Joseph Emerson of Mendon, the first ancestor who bore the name of whom I know anything. From this couple descended a line of ministers, all living and marrying in Massachusetts, one of whom, William Emerson, was minister of Concord and on the morning of the 19th of April, 1775, came to the village green and stirred up his people to resist the advancing British column, whose arrival from Boston to destroy the stores in the town was every moment expected. He was so excited that his parishioners, fearing that he would join in the fight himself, shut him up in his house ('the Old Manse') and from its window he saw the first battle of the Revolution. He became a chaplain in the Army and died at Ticonderoga. William Emerson, his son, was minister of the First Church in Chauncey Street, Boston. My father, Ralph Waldo Emerson, was son of this William Emerson and was for some time minister of the Second Church in Boston. He married Lidian Jackson, daughter of Charles Jackson of Plymouth, in 1835, and moved to Concord, where he has since lived. Of ancestors on my mother's side I will mention Secretary Morton of the Old Plymouth Colony, and the Reverend John Cotton who left Boston, England, in 1635, and came to Boston, Mass., where he was at once made minister of the First Church and became famous in the early history of the Massachusetts Colony.

"For myself, I lived in Concord until I entered college. . . . At Mr. F. B. Sanborn's School in Concord I prepared for entering

Edward Waldo Emerson

college, and in July, 1861, I passed my examinations and was admitted. After the first seven weeks of the term, however, finding myself too unwell to stay in college, I went home, where I passed the winter in strengthening myself by working with a surveying party and chopping in the woods, and in the spring I left home with a friend to join a party of emigrants bound for the Pacific Coast. We reached Omaha City, Nebraska, on the 19th of May, where we were joined by our party, and on the 9th of June started on horseback, accompanying our mule-team, on the great Emigrant Road to California. Our party broke up near the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains, some of them going to the gold diggings at Salmon River, Washington Territory, and my friend returning to the States, while I, with one only of our original party, kept on for Nevada Territory, taking a week's rest, however, at Salt Lake City. Finally at Carson City, Nevada, I left my companion and, crossing the Sierra Nevada, in the Overland stage-coach, arrived at Sacramento, California, on the first day of September. After seeing all of California that my short stay of a week allowed me to see, I sailed for New York, via Panama, arriving at home early in October, and a week later joined the Class of Sixty-Six. Thanks to the strength gained from my journey, I have since found no trouble in keeping with my Class. During Freshman, Sophomore, and part of my Junior year, I chummed with Thomas Wren Ward. . . . In March, 1865, my chum left college to join the Agassiz Expedition to Brazil, and since that time I have had no room-mate."

He received his A.B. in due course in 1866 and wrote our Class Song for us. After graduating he was in business at Burlington, Iowa, for a short time and then he engaged in agricultural pursuits at Concord and Milton, until the winter of 1868-69, when he began the study of medicine at the Harvard Medical School.

Having finished his studies there, he sailed for Europe in September, 1871, and continued his medical studies at Berlin. For a short time in the latter part of 1873 he worked at St. Thomas's Hospital, London, and at the end of November of that year returned to America, where he studied in Boston, a greater part of the time at the Massachusetts General Hospital, as surgical house pupil, until March, 1874, when he returned to Con-

cord, and commenced practice. He received the degree of M.D. from Harvard at Commencement, 1874. In March, 1874, he was chosen by the Town of Concord one of the Committee of Arrangements for the Centennial Celebration of the Concord Fight, and was one of a committee of three to prepare a report of that celebration, which was published by the town, March, 1876. He wrote the part entitled "The Minute Man and the Bridge." He was married at Concord, September 19, 1874, to Annie Shepard Keyes, of Concord.

He practised his profession of medicine and surgery at Concord for about eight years, after which he only served as a consulting physician and took up the study of art at the School of Drawing and Painting at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, where for twenty years he was annually appointed instructor in Art Anatomy, an occupation which he greatly enjoyed. He also lectured on this and other subjects at Chicago, St. Louis, and elsewhere.

He was occupied in writing as well as painting. He was the author of "Emerson in Concord," published in 1888; "Henry Thoreau as Remembered by a Young Friend," and he edited the correspondence of "John Sterling and Ralph Waldo Emerson," which contained a sketch of Sterling's Life, published in 1897. When the time of the one hundredth anniversary of his father's birth drew nigh, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. desired to bring out a centenary edition of his works, with somewhat copious annotations from letters, journals, etc., and with some additions. This work, at the wish of his father's literary executor, the late James Elliot Cabot, he undertook and found it a serious but interesting task, occupying more than two years. He celebrated its conclusion by going to Europe where he delighted in the scenery and in painting the same. He wrote "Life and Letters of General Charles Russell Lowell," 1907, and edited "Emerson's Journals," in which he collaborated with Waldo E. Forbes, 1909. He was the co-author, with Moorfield Storey, of the "Life of E. R. Hoar," 1911. He devoted a great deal of time to the preparation of a book involving much research and work, "The Early Years of the Saturday Club" (of Boston), published in 1918. He was also an occasional contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly* and similar publications.

In addition to all the foregoing he did much good work for his town of Concord. He was at different periods Town Physician, Superintendent of Schools, Chairman of the School Committee, Chairman of the Board of Health, and a member of the Library and Cemetery Committees. He was also on the Corporation of the State School for Feeble Minded and of the School for Crippled and Deformed Children. He enjoyed riding and said he was thankful that he was born in the horse age, and that he should never own an automobile. He also was very fond of walking and said when he was nearly seventy, "The years are treating me kindly. I am well and can walk vigorously for a few miles, but not as in college days with Tom Ward, Sam Hoar, or with Storey, Hayes, or other guests over Sunday, from Harvard Square up the Turnpike to Concord, keeping up the four-mile-an-hour gait."

He was seventy years old at the beginning of the World War and, in the course of it, said, "I believe in 'preparedness' very strongly, and was pleased to be welcomed kindly by the young men as a private in the zealous citizens' company auxiliary to our excellent militia company in Concord."

While in mid-summer he was glad to live at Jaffrey, N. H., "on the instep of Monadnock," as he sometimes called it, and to pass two months of the winter in the South, and while he enjoyed European visits, he loved to be in his native town, where he died, after a short illness, January 27, 1930, respected, loved, and deeply mourned by his surviving classmates, his fellow townsmen, and his many other friends.

Mrs. Emerson died two years before him. He left several grandchildren, but he survived all of his six children but one, Raymond Emerson, H. C. 1910. Another son, William Forbes, H. C. 1906, died shortly after his graduation.

C. E. S.

CLASS SONG
1866

Music selected by G. L. Osgood, Class Chorister.
Words by E. W. Emerson.

We stand by the knee of our mother,
She tenderly bids us go,
In the world's flight stand by each other,
Firm banded in weal or in woe;
And never in spirit craven
Cease striving, hand and heart,
For the TRUTH on her buckler graven,
Till the silver cord shall part.

Be ours the manhood daring,
Dear Mother, thy charge to keep;
Thy word in our bosoms bearing
Into life's thronged lists we leap.
Forever thy heroes' story
Shall stir like a trumpet-call.—
Up hearts! the light of their glory
Be the star that leads us all.

Sweet thoughts from past years flowing
Shall not our purpose dim;
Who takes his hand from the plowing,
The Kingdom is not for him.
Farewell! farewell to thee, Mother,
We love, but we turn away;
Thy task performed, to another
Sixty-six goes forth today.

Harvard College, June 22, 1866.

EDWARD NICOLL FENNO. Born November 4, 1845.

He writes: "Replying to your very delightful note of May 5, I can only say that at the present time June 19th looks to me a long way off and, as I am expecting to move to Falmouth about the 25th of this month, I cannot say whether I can arrange to accept your hospitality at 293 Commonwealth Avenue, but, if possible, I should very greatly enjoy being there and meeting the few survivors of the Class of '66.

"The principal event that has happened to me during the present year has been the very great loss of my wife, with whom I had led a very happy married life lasting fifty-eight years. I am still in moderately good health and, if I cannot manage to accept your hospitality on June 19th, I wish you and whoever of the classmates that may gather there the best of health and happiness."

JAMES MURRAY FORBES. Born July 17, 1845.

He writes: "I am indeed very sorry that I cannot join you and our few surviving classmates on Commencement morning at your apartment, and go on to Cambridge to attend the spread of the fifty-year-old class.

"I expect to depart on June 12 for my summer outing at Dark Harbor, Maine; but even if I were to be in this vicinity I could not be with you on account of antiquity, being very deaf and more especially so groggy on my old legs that I am able only to hobble about the house with my cane and get out to my auto with the assistance of an attendant for an airing.

"You ask me what I have been doing the past year, and there is little to relate. It has been a time of deep sorrow for the loss of my beloved Helpmate of fifty-seven and one-half years of married bliss.

"To you and all who are to be with you I send my warm regards and fond remembrances."

The Secretary is pleased to add to the above letter that Forbes has had printed (not published) a most interesting biographical book entitled, "Recollections and Events from the Threshold of 85."

FORBES' SON ALLAN AND FAMILY

THOMAS PIERPONT SHAW. Born September 27, 1843.

He writes: "I can only say that I am still shouting for Sixty-Six, few as our numbers have now become. Wish I could be with you on Commencement Day, and hope to be remembered in my absence. To each and every one present I send love and all best wishes."

SWITHIN CHANDLER SHORTLIDGE. Born June 8, 1840.

He writes: "* * * For the past twelve months, I have passed my days in comparative comfort and contentment here at Hickory Lodge, the family residence, connected with Storm King School for Boys, of which my son, Raphael J. Shortlidge, Haverford A.B., and Harvard A.M., has been the Headmaster for the past three years. Of course my five grandchildren and their mother, Helen Houghton Shortlidge, a graduate of Smith College, and their father have all engrossed my thoughts.

"It is a rare blessing in one's old age to be able to share in even a small way the engagements in which childhood finds daily delight. Among these grandchildren the youngest, Raphael Johnson Shortlidge, Jr., is quite a prominent figure. Johnnie Boy, as we call him, was born the 19th of November, 1928, less than two weeks after the election of Herbert Hoover to the Presidency. Of course my stricken eyesight prevents me from enjoying the clear sight of Johnnie Boy, but when Johnnie Boy is on my knee, and is looking me in the face, the electric light back of my head, lighting up his own face, I can grasp something of the lineaments, which all the people who come to Hickory Lodge describe as exceptionally beautiful.

"You will pardon a grandfather's jubilation when he mentions our Johnnie Boy. I shall be sending you a beautiful photograph of this beautiful boy, very soon after this letter shall reach your office. I visualize this stout grandson as likely to reach the height of six feet and a weight of 180 pounds, about the time I venture to believe that he will be a Harvard Freshman, let us conjecture in 1950. I am happy to imagine or foresee Johnnie Boy as a Harvard man strolling into Four Hollis, Eleven Stoughton, and Two Holworthy, to find in these three rooms the name of his Grandfather, Swithin Chandler Shortlidge, enrolled in a long list of former occupants of these three

"Johnnie Boy," born November 19, 1928
Shortlidge's Grandson

rooms in three of the most ancient dormitories that face the Sacred Precincts of the oldest sections of Harvard.

"My dear Stratton, you will be able to estimate the regret which fills my mind when I reply to your welcome notice of Commencement, that my stricken eyesight cuts me off from going outside, even off the porch, without having two stalwart supporters, one on each side to keep me from stumbling into the crevices of a beautiful and well-kept lawn. Hence I must be content to have the newspapers read to me, which will as usual portray the events occurring at the Harvard Commencement of 1930.

"Of course you will convey to the members of the Harvard Class of 1880 my regrets that I cannot, on June 19th, enjoy the festivities in which they will play the greatest part. Still my heart and mind will throb in unison with the events of that consecrated occasion.

"And now, my dear Stratton, allow me to allude to your beautiful sketch of that lovely Exeter boy, George Augustus Flagg, who died last year just as the printers were about to close the pages of your beautiful little annual pamphlet.

"It happened fortunately for John Ward Taylor and myself, both Exeter boys like Flagg and Edward Cranch Perkins, to be elected members of the Institute of 1770, which in 1863 only admitted half of a Harvard class. Taylor was elected Librarian of the Institute of 1770, the Institute Library then only occupying a part of No. 2 Holworthy. Hence Taylor and myself were comfortably housed as Juniors in the Senior Holworthy building. Here were often gathered together the members of the University Crew which was preparing for the race to be held at Worcester in the summer of 1865. * * *

"My dear Stratton, extend to each of our members my hearty congratulations, that you and they are enjoying life's full measure of comfort, after they have passed their eightieth year.

"The newspaper reports of current events are read to me every day, and in my quarters here at Hickory Lodge I enjoy an excellent radio over which I listen every day, and part of each evening before my early bed time, to the wonderful supply of information and entertainment which the radio brings to us."

Shortlidge became ninety years of age June 8th. The Secretary sent him flowers from the Class, with all our best wishes.

*MOORFIELD STOREY.

"I was born on the 19th of March, 1845, at Roxbury, Mass. My father's name is Charles William Storey. He was brought up at Newburyport, Mass., where his father resided, and graduated here in 1835. He studied law and has practised in Boston since he was admitted to the Bar. He was the son of Charles William Storey and Elizabeth Burnham. His father was a merchant in Havana, where he spent most of the year, while his family resided in Newburyport. My great-grandfather was William Storey, who was a Captain in the Revolutionary Army, and the family has always resided in Essex County, where it has been traced back to 1635, when the first of the name settled in Ipswich. My mother's name was Elizabeth Eaton Moorfield. She was the daughter of James Moorfield and Nancy Eaton and was born in Boston, though she was brought up in Hingham, Mass. My Grandfather Moorfield was a merchant in Havana, and his father was a sea-captain and an Englishman. The Eatons were a Boston family, though they seem to have come from Marblehead originally.

"I spent the first eleven years of my life in Roxbury, and then moved to Boston, where I have resided since. I fitted for college at the Public Latin School in Boston, of which Mr. Francis Gardner was principal. I entered the Freshman Class here in 1862, and the first year occupied No. 8 College House with Charles B. Brigham, and since then I have occupied Nos. 32, 21 and 27 Massachusetts, with my present chum, John G. Curtis. I have received a *detur*, and two exhibition parts in the way of college honors, and have been a member of the Institute of 1770, Harvard Natural History Society, Phi Beta Kappa, and Hasty Pudding Club, and was chosen Class Orator. I propose to study law.

MOORFIELD STOREY, May 29, 1866."

Storey wrote the above for the Class Book. He was first on the rank list of scholarship for our senior year and sixth for the whole four years.

Immediately after graduating he entered the Harvard Law School and studied there till November, 1867. He then became private secretary to Honorable Charles Sumner for somewhat more than a year and removed to Washington. Returning to Boston, he resumed the study of law in a law office.

MOORFIELD STOREY

He was admitted to the Bar at Boston in 1869, and soon after was appointed assistant district attorney of Suffolk County, which office he resigned in June, 1871, and continued the practice of the law in Boston. January 6, 1870, at Washington, D. C., he was married to Gertrude, daughter of Richard D. and Martha J. Cutts. He continued in active and successful practice of the law in Boston until shortly before his death. In addition to his continuous work at the Bar he took an active interest in public affairs and found time to take an active part in political campaigns with his voice and with his pen. He also labored hard for the Colored People, the Filipinos and all those whom he thought oppressed or unjustly treated.

He was editor of the *American Law Review*, 1873-79; overseer Harvard College, 1877-78 and 1892-1910; president of American Bar Association, 1896; president Massachusetts Reform Club, 1898-1901; vice-president National Civil Service Reform League, president Massachusetts Civil Service Reform Association, president of Anti-Imperialist League from 1905, president Bar Association of City of Boston, 1909-13; president Massachusetts Bar Association, 1913-14; president National Association for Improvement of Colored People since 1910; honorary president of Indian Rights Association. He was a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society and a fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. He was also a deeply interested member of the Society of the Cincinnati. He received a degree of A. M. from Harvard in 1869 and LL.D. from Howard University in 1928.

He died at his country place at Lincoln, October 24, 1929, after a protracted illness. Mrs. Storey died November 27, 1912. Four children survive him, Mrs. Robert W. Lovett (Elizabeth M. Storey), Mrs. Edmund J. Burke (Gertrude L. Storey), Richard Cutts Storey, H. C. 1896, and Charles Moorfield Storey, H. C. 1912, and thirteen grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.

The above is a brief and condensed statement of a remarkable life and one of the greatest value to his family, to his many friends, to the community, and to his country.

Immediately after graduation, marrying at the age of twenty-four with a very small assured income, he hired a little house at the end of a little place running from a little street in Roxbury and, with high and serene courage, he plunged into the battle of

life and a very successful fight it was. A faithful and untiring worker in his profession, he always took a lively interest in public affairs, and often an active part in political campaigns; moreever, he found time to work hard and enthusiastically to help the Colored People, the Indians, the Filipinos, and all others, suffering or unfortunate, individuals or peoples.

He was very happily married and he delighted in his home life. He removed to Brookline in 1874, and in 1899 to Lincoln, with a winter house in Boston. Later he also had a mid-summer home at Cranberry Isles, off Mt. Desert. In these three homes he was very happy, but never happier than when entertaining his friends. He was indeed "given to hospitality." The Class will recall two very pleasant occasions—the "spread" that Storey and Peabody gave at Brookline on our 25th Anniversary and our delightful visit to Lincoln on our 50th.

The death of Mrs. Storey was a very severe blow to him, but his children, his grandchildren and later his great-grandchildren were about him to cheer and comfort him.

There is one thing never to be forgotten in our classmate, his keen and delightful sense of humor. I remember it well when we first met, in 1857, and it was with him till the very end. I recall that in our first term Freshman we thought we should know well every member of our division and on one occasion, with this friendly feeling, we called on a very solemn classmate, who received us kindly but solemnly; but Storey was irrepressible and after several outbursts from him, our solemn classmate said, "Storey, your drollery is inimitable." We never shall forget, to quote the words used by a Japanese law student of another leader of our Bar, "his pleasant says and merry tells."

He kept his strength and vigor, both mental and physical, wonderfully well, attending and speaking at the Semi-Centennial Dinner of The American Bar Association at Buffalo, in his 83rd year. The following January he had a slight accident and after that he began gradually to fail till his death nearly two years later. All the sufferings and discomforts of his increasing feebleness he bore with unfailing patience and sweetness.

He has been taken from us and we shall ever miss him.

C. E. S.

CHARLES EDWIN STRATTON. Born November 17, 1846.

He is pleased to be able to state that he is still able to "sit up and take nourishment" and, more than that, to go to his office every day for a few hours in the morning. He has no ambition to run in a Marathon race; in fact, his pace now rather favors that of the snail than the gazelle.

Last autumn occurred the Sixtieth Anniversary of his admission to the Bar. He modestly refrained from making the date public; the result of this was that there was no firing of salutes on the Common and no public meeting in Faneuil Hall, or elsewhere, to commemorate the interesting event.

THOMAS WREN WARD. Born October 8, 1844.

He writes: "In reply to your delightful suggestion, I surely hope to join our surviving classmates Commencement morning, Thursday, June 19th, at your apartment, 293 Commonwealth Avenue, eleven o'clock. Whether I shall attend the Spread in the Yard I am not so sure.

"I have three grown-up children, seven grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren, and am occupied following their careers.

"I lead a rather sedentary life. I read an occasional biography, Clemenceau, Trotsky, about Russian Soviet by Chamberlin and by Dillon. I walk a couple of hours every day, once or twice around Jamaica Plain Pond.

"It is interesting to note the same lengthening of the day that causes the outburst of leaf and flower, causes an increased ripple in our lives and an increased appreciation of the beauty and order of Nature."

LEONARD WHEELER. Born August 31, 1845.

He writes: "I am trying to beat my record and answer your annual request before you write me a second time.

"Altogether I have had a more than satisfactory year, though I cannot fail to observe that my limitations grow gently but firmly more and more strict, especially as to hearing. The oldest boy, Bancroft, has become a member of the staff of the Memorial Hospital of Worcester. Leonard is married and lives in Cambridge. Nat has finished at the Business School and is looking

for a job. Eunice is our blessing at home, though abroad most of this winter. As to your kind invitation for the 19th, my intentions are good, but I find I have not that confidence in the future that I used to have."

JOSEPH HENRY WILLARD. Born February 28, 1843.

He writes: "I had hoped to be able to join you in the reunion and trip to Harvard this year, but have had to give it up. I had rather a hard setback, really, owing to my rashness in thinking summer had got under way well that morning, some three weeks ago, when I recklessly cast off my 'winter garments of repentance,' let fires die out, storm-sash off, and then a frost, a skin of ice on the pond, put me in bed and stay in the house.

"Besides meeting again my dear friends of '66, I hoped to have a glimpse at least of the Tercentennial, for we can date back to 1634, when the Kentish soldier, 'Major Simon,' came over to help the Colonist people in their new home.

"Harvard had Samuel, his son, as Vice-President, for he would not give up his church, Old South, the Charter requiring the President to live in Cambridge. The Rev. Samuel fought against the Salem hysteria and later won the repentance of Judge Sewall, with authority to read it publicly. There's a big book, 'The Willard Memoir,' that gives us a good deal of pride to learn that not a few of Major Simon's descendants have done fairly well in so many callings.

"Solomon, for e.g., who designed the Bunker Hill Monument, often out of pocket and without pay till, after lingering over seventeen years, it was finished.

"I am out just over the Newport line at my sister's, whose home is named 'Horsemonden,' the Kentish village where Major Simon was born.

"My Newport home is open for my remaining daughter for the season (with a 'Duenna'). The Goelets will be here in July; and my youngest daughter, wife of Colonel Hooker, is at Bremerton Navy Yard, so I am almost alone with my sister, who keeps on guard to prevent any further rashness on my part. I spent part of last season at 41 Catherine Street, going there through the Newport Hospital in mid-August, after a session with one of your Boston specialists. It was a bit tough without ether, but

very satisfactory. My physician is very cherry, says my blood pressure about right for a man of 50, so perhaps next year, if we don't have a spring like last, may let me join you and find you all on deck.

"I enclose my check for '66. You can put it where you like, say for the motor trip to Harvard or any other place you think best. I wish it were larger, but I have been spending a good deal on my 'New Home,' new garage of heavy block, another bath room (the fifth now), more electric light, furnishings, etc., so that my successor may have the property for a home, or renting, or sale later. The house was built for (Tom?) Appleton in the early 70's, R. M. Hunt, architect. Appleton gave the name 'Fair-Haven.' If I stay I shall continue to improve it so as to be good for winter also. There's about three-fourths of an acre of ground right in town. My sister's has about four acres of flower gardens, etc.

"Good fortune attend you all and with thanks for the honor of being classed with '66."

*JOHN DAVIS WILLIAMS. Born May 17, 1845.

"I celebrated my eighty-fifth birthday Saturday, May 17th, and friends in Chicago and St. Louis among many others sent me flowers, and the result was a beautiful array of all kinds of roses and spring flowers that made my parlor a wonderful sight. As I had many callers, they all enjoyed the show and the day passed very pleasantly. Will that do?"

He died Saturday, June 14th.